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No. CXXXI.

THE MINOR DRAMA.

THE CORSAIR;

OR, THE
LITTLE FAIRY AT THE BOTTOM OF THE SEA.

A New Christmas Burlesque and Pantomime.

BY WILLIAM BROUGH, Esq.

WITH CAST OF CHARACTERS, STAGE BUSINESS, COSTUMES,
RELATIVE POSITIONS, &c., &c.

AS PERFORMED AT THE
PRINCIPAL ENGLISH AND AMERICAN THEATRES.

MUSIC and PLAYS

NEW YORK:

SAMUEL FRENCH,

122, NASSAU STREET, (UP STAIRS.)

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THE MINOR DRAMA.

The Acting Edition.

No. CXXXI.

THE CORSAIR;

OR, THE

LITTLE FAIRY AT THE BOTTOM OF THE SEA.

A New Christmas Burlesque and Pantomime,

Founded upon the Ballet of "Le Corsaire."

BY WILLIAM BROUGH, ESQ.,

*Author of Perdita, or the Royal Milkmaid, Prince Prettypet and the
Butterfly, Trying It On, Phenomenon in a Smock-frock
A Comical Countess, &c., &c.*

TO WHICH ARE ADDED

A description of the Costume—Cast of the Characters—Entrances and Exits—
Relative Positions of the Performers on the Stage, and the whole
of the Stage Business.

AS PERFORMED AT THE

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SAMUEL FRENCH,

122 NASSAU STREET, (UP STAIRS.)

MUSIC and PLAYS:
ST. MARK ST. N.Y.
1854

Cast of Characters.—[THE CORSAIR.]

	<i>Royal Lyceum, London,</i> Dec. 26, 1856.	<i>Wallack's Theatre</i> 1857.
<i>Conrad, the Corsair</i> , ("a notable Pirate and salt wtaer Thief," gloomy, misanthropical, ironical and Byronical,) - - - - -	Mrs. A. Melion, LATE Miss Woolgar.	Mrs. John Wood.
<i>Birbanto</i> , (his Lieutenant—an Officer, but not a Gentleman,) - - - - -	Mr. J. L. Toole.	Mr. John Wood.
<i>Seyd (or Seedy) Pasha</i> , (a terrible Turk,) - - - - -	" Barrett.	" H. B. Phillips.
<i>Syng Smaul</i> , (a General Officer—Major-domo, Pead Cock and Bot- tle-washer to the Pasha,) - - - - -	" Holston.	" Holmes,
<i>Yussuf</i> , (in his own country Joseph—or familiarly, Old Joe—a rene- gade Sea Merchant,) - - - - -	" S. Calharm. Miss Goward.	" Peters.
<i>Hassan</i> , (a Bosswain,) - - - - -	Mrs. C. Dillon.	Miss J. Manners.
<i>Medora</i> , (a Grecian Maiden, Niece and Ward to Yussuf—a sacred pledge intrusted to her uncle,) - - - - -	" B. White.	Mrs. Vernon.
<i>Gulnare</i> , (the reigning Beauty of the Pasha's Harem, his favorite, and most other people's, it is hoped—including the audience,) - - - - -	" C. Melville.	" Cook,
<i>Zuliema</i> , (a "light of other days" a little "faded,") - - - - -	Miss J. Ryder.	" H. B. Phillips.
<i>Submarina</i> , (the Fairy guardian of the Deep, Deep Sea, Chief In- specter of the Ocean Police, and Deputy Ruler of the Waves,) - - - - -	" M. Wilton.	Miss Emily Milton.
<i>Serena</i> , (the Little Fairy at the bottom of the Sea, - - - - -	<i>Corsairs, Slaves, Odalisques, Almas, Water Nymphs, Fairies, Guards Attendants, &c.</i>	

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THE CORSAIR.

SCENE I.—*Marine Aquarium, or Naiad's Coralline Temple*—WATER SPIRITS discovered sleeping in shells; TRITONS come in and arouse them, by sounding their conches; SPIRITS rise and dance; a coral grotto rises, having in it SUBMARINA, CORALIA, AZURINA, TEMPESTIA, &c.

Sub. Friends, mermaids, sprites and guardians of the sea,
Leave off your dancing and attend to me;
This is a public meeting, not a ball;
Here come, I'll take the chair—now silence, all.

All. Hear! hear!

Sub. [c.] Do let me speak, I say, once more—
Friends, sprites and guardians,

Cor. That you said before.

Sub. Another interruption of this sort,
And I'll—

Cor. [R. c.] Well, well, go on—but cut it short;

Sub. Friends, sprites, *et cetera*—We've assembled thus,
The state of our dominions to discuss;
Each day we read, in the *Subaqueous Times*,
Of murders, robberies, and other crimes,
Daily committed with impunity,
In open day—upon the open sea—
Till none are safe who roam the ocean o'er.

Cor. They're just as safe as if they stayed on shore;
There, too, I'm told, you'll find on the increase—
Burglaries—robberies—but *not* police.

Sub. Pray, what's the shore to you—

Cor. I but to tell ye meant.

Sub. Pooh! pooh! on land we're quite out of our element;
What we've to do, is to find out some plan
To rid the ocean of that bad young man,
Conrad the Corsair.—None can safety gain

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Until, like gas, he's turned off from the main;
 At all attempts to do so, he has laughed,
 While his great cunning saves his little craft;
 All commerce doth he from the waters sweep—
 Cleans out the simple ones and scours the deep;
 None cross the seas thro' fear of this vile rover—
 Their spirits fail, ere they get half seas over—
 In short, unless mankind from him we save,
 There'll soon be *no* life on the ocean wave.

Cor. What shall we do, in his career to check him—

Azurina. Hang him!

Sub. Can't catch him.

Tempestia. Raise a storm and wreck him.

Sub. A good idea, most reckless of all men;
 His ship destroyed, he'll not be wreckless then.
 About it straight.

Music.—SERENA rises through trap, L. C.

Serena. One moment hear me, pray.

Sub. A motion, an arrest of judgment, eh!

Serena. Not only that, but one for a new trial.

Sub. Nay—his guilt's plain.

Serena. Too plain for my denial.

But 'stead of punishing, could we reclaim him—

Sub. Can you reclaim a tiger?

Serena. You can tame him!

Let me attempt the task.

Cor. Nay, have a care,

We don't want Conrad made a tame affair.

Sub. Say by what potent magic will you try?

Serena. One which the rudest breast can purify—
 Lifting the soul all meaner thoughts above—
 The magic influence of woman's love.

Cor. Ho! ho! I see—the Corsair's handsome face
 And figure, eh?

Azurina. A most decided case.

Cor. You're smitten, miss.

Serena. I scorn the imputation;

I am a fairy, and I know my station!

Sub. No quarreling—I own your plan seems strange;
 Think you that love can work this mighty change?

Serena. Madam, I've heard of fast young men on town,
 Desperate dogs, by marriage settled down—
 Men, who for years would not go home till morning,
 Found the domestic tea-table adorning;
 Smokers, I've heard, have put their pipes out—nay
 I've even heard of latch-keys thrown away.
 Can love do this, and yet be unavailing,
 To cure a paltry pirate's little failing?
 Let Conrad only get a loving wife,

And, on my word, he'll lead another life.

Sub. Enough—we'll try your plan.

Serena. I ask no more,
Than leave of absence for a month on shore—
If, ere that time be passed, I don't succeed,
Then wreck him, or whate'er you please—

Sub. Agreed!

[*Music.*—*The SPIRITS form a group, and SERANA is seen darting up towards the earth as the scene closes.*]

SCENE II.—*Market Place in Stamboul, and Oriental Slave Bazaar.*

Cheering outside.—Enter CORSAIRS, L.

1st Cors. Come lads, our Captain's given us a holiday
On shore to-day, and so let's have a jolly day—
We've been of late so close to business sticking,
We want some change.

2d Cors. Let's try some pocket-picking—

1st Cors. You'd find small change in that—

2d Cors. Yes, 'twould be strange,
In people's pockets not to find *small change*.

3d Cors. But see, our noble Captain comes this way—

1st Cors. Three cheers for Conrad—Hip, hip, hip, hurray!

Enter CONRAD, L.

Conrad. There, that'll do—Hip, hip, indeed—what stuff—
As if I'm not already hipped enough. [Crosses R.]

1st Cors. Cheer up, my hearty—

Conrad. Man! I'm not your hearty,
And to cheer up, I'm not at all the party.

1st Cors. Why is great Conrad ever sad?

Conrad. Ah, why?
Who can explain this secret grief; not I—
That secret kept so dark, none e'er saw through it—
I don't believe that even Byron knew it. [Crosses, L.]
Go, go, poor giddy things, employ your leisure,
In seeking what the thoughtless world calls pleasure.

1st Cors. Say, is there aught you'd like, that we can bring,
To soothe your grief—

Conrad. [L.] I don't like anything;
The gloomy spirit in this aching breast,
Despises most things, and can't bear the rest;
Deems happiness an empty sound, no more;
The world a humbug—life itself a bore—
There's nothing in it! Leave me. [They are going.]
Tell me, though,

Hast seen Birbanto our lieutenant?

1st Cors. No. [Exeunt, R.]

Enter BIRBANTO, L.

Birb. Behold him, here! What would great Conrad—Eh?
 Anything wanted in my little way? [*Drawing his dagger.*
 If so, just give your orders and it's done—
 From pitch and toss to manslaughter, all's one.

Conrad. Thou art the best o' the cut-throats—

Birb. I'm no bragger,
 But, I must say, I'm not bad at a dagger,
 I've one to serve you with in any way,
 [*Aside.*] And serve you out with, too, I hope, some day.

Conrad. You're very kind.

Birb. But pardon the suggestion—
 My dagger's point was not the point in question.
 You asked for me—

Conrad. I might have done. Heigho!

Birb. Pooh! try some drink—you're several cups too low.

Conrad. Nay, I have tried—I drained a flask this minute—

Birb. Well, when you'd drained it?

Conrad. There was nothing in it.
 All things I've tried, but they bring no relief
 To the used-up, bored, *blase* pirate chief.
 Travel I've tried, from place to place still dodging,
 You'll find me *bored* where'er you find me lodging.
 The stormy waves no change to me afford,
 For if I'm shipwrecked, still I'm *overboard*;
 I've sought excitement east, west, north, and south,
 In battle-strife—e'en at the cannon's mouth,
 But all in vain: amid the battle's roar,
 I found the cannon's mouth was but a *bore*!
 Enough of this.

Birb. [*Aside.*] Too much for me to stand;
 A pretty fellow to command our band.
 Oh, I should like to—
 [*Raises dagger; CONRAD turns round; BIRBANTO bows*
after the approved style of melodrama.

Conrad. Where's my galley?

Birb. [*Pointing off R.*] Sir,
 The galley's there—that *buoy*'s attached to her.

Conrad. Keep her in readiness to sail to-night,
 In case of accidents. D'ye hear?

[*Same business with the dagger.*

Birb. [*Bowing.*] All right!
 [*Exit CONRAD, R.*

It shall be so. We've stood him long enough—
 A spoony, pining, sentimental ruff;
 He's not at all my notion of a Corsair—
 I like black worsted curls and beard of horsehair;
 The good old heavy style of melodram,
 More like the individual I am.
 Yet the band love him. Well, it is but right
 To own he is the very deuce to fight,

When he begins. No matter! we shall see
Which they prefer to lead them—him or me!
To sound them on the point, at once I go forth.

[*Shaking his fist towards where CONRAD has gone off.*
Tremble! Despair! Ha, ha! Revcnge! and so forth!

Song.—BIRBANTO.—*Air*, “*Dusty Bob’s Hornpipe.*”

Scruples, lie down—for in guilt I’m dyed so deep already;
Harder ’twould be to go back than to proceed.
After the scores that this dagger’s sent to sleep already
Why should I pause at one other little deed?
Tremble, proud Conrad—a foe you don’t expect in me;
Tremble—despair—as, I think, I said before.
You once removed—as their leader—they electing me—
Crown all the hopes that so long I’ve pondered o’er.

Let them consent, and but once transfer the rule to me,
I’d show them how they their work should go about;
A ticket-of-leave man himself would be a fool to me;
Garotters confess that I beat ’em out and out.
Robbing, attacking all—plundering, whacking all—
I get the lion’s share, of course, of all the dibs;
If they’ll fall in with it, now I’ll begin with it,
Sticking at nothing except our leader’s ribs. [Exit R.

Enter a number of female SLAVES, followed by YUSSUFF, L.

Yussuff. Now then, you tarnal critters, look alive.
I have had many lots of slaves to drive,
Of all sorts and complexions—black, white, and red;
You whip them all—from Uncle Tom to Dred!
Come, look alive, I tell you. Take your places,
None of your airs—but plenty of your graces.
Be careful of your smiles, and mind your eyes;
It’s market-day, remember. Come, who buys?

March.—*Enter PASHA, SYNG SMAUL, and GUARDS, R.*

Pasha. Halt! curs!

Syng. Halt, curs—d’ye hear?

Pasha. Of course they hear.

Syng. [L.] Great Pasha!

Pasha. Slave, who bid you interfere?

Syng. I’m dumb.

Yussuf. [R.] Great Brother of the Sun and Moon,
How do you find yourself, this afternoon?

Pasha. [c.] We thank thee, dog, we’re pretty well.

Syng. Rejoice!

Let all the earth raise high its joyful voice;
All care and grief from every heart abolish,
Our mighty Pasha, feels himself tol-lol-ish.
Shout all of you.

[All shout.

Pasha. [*Striking him.*] Be quiet—

Syn. [*Striking another.*] Slaves, be dumb.

How dare you make this row—

Pasha. But business—come—

What hast thou got to sell, dog?

Yussuf. Sire, I deem

These here Circassians, the Circassian cream

Of excellence, in all points—figures—faces—

Trot out, you critters, come, and show your paces.

Music.—*The SLAVES dance out one by one, and pass before the PASHA.*

Pasha. [*Looking at them one by one.*] Too dark! too fair! too red!
too short! too tall!

Too lean! too fat! pooh! pooh! won't do at all.

Hast thou no others, pig?

Yussuf. No, sire; you see

My wholesale merchant disappointed me;

I've ordered in some beauties.

Pasha. Reptile, peace!

Who's this?

Yussuf. That, sire? Medora, my young niece.

Enter MEDORA, dancing, L.

There, that'll do—just cut these capers—stop!

Must I for ever catch you on the hop?

Medora. Nay, be not angry, uncle—

Yussuf. Then stand still!

Medora With pleasure, if it pleases you, I will;

But I'm so happy—feel my heart so light;

The air's so balmy, and the sun so bright.

The gladness that's inspired by all around,

Finds vent in *jumps*, because it knows no *bound*.

Pasha. She'll do! Come hither, dog, a word with you.

[*YUSSUF approaches, they whisper, L. C.*]

Medora. [*Uneasy.*] What's that dark stranger, whispering?

Pasha. Pooh! pooh!

Yussuf. But, sire, to sell one's niece, like any nigger!

'Possums and rattlesnakes! Say what's the figure?

Pasha. [*L. c.*] Name your own price.

Yussuf. [*L.*] My niece—so good. so true—

So dear to me. Well, she'll be dear to you.

What say you to one thousand chequeens?

Pasha. Done.

Yussuf. [*Aside.*] I wish I'd ask'd him five, instead of one.

Medora. What strange presentiment of woe comes o'er me

Pasha. Conduct her home.

Syn. Fair slave, just march before me!

Medora. Slave! knave! behave! I am no slave—I'm free!

You are deceived;

Syn. Nay, you are sold—not me;

Medora. I sold! Who'd dare to sell me?

Syng. Can't you guess—

Medora. Oh, my prophetic soul! my uncle—

Yussuf. Yes;

I'm very sorry, but—

Medora. You sorry—stuff!

Yussuf. I guess I am. [*Aside.*] I didn't charge enough.

Medora. [*To PASHA.*] I am no slave, good sir, I'm free—then please ye,
To calm my fears, and make me free and easy.

Yussuf. There! don't orationize the case about.

Medora. If you're my uncle, you will let me spout.

Pasha. No words—you are my slave. [*Seizes her.*]

Medora. Help! help!

Enter CONRAD, R.

Conrad. How now?

Some work for me it seems; I like a row. [*Draws sword.*]
Villains!

Pasha. Holloa!

Medora. Sir, save me if you can—

Conrad. Yes, I'll see fair; I'm a sea-faring man;
And on the stage no sailor can do less,
Than rescue lovely women in distress:
And so here goes.

[*Throws SYNG SMAUL across to R.—Tableau.*]

Pasha. Guards, hew him limb from limb!

Medora. No, mercy! take my life, but pardon him.

Conrad. Pooh! pooh! fair maid, let them come on—they dare not;
Come—the whole lot of you at once—I care not.

Song.—CONRAD.—Air, “La tremenda ultrice Spada.”

Ten to one, now come on to the attack, sirs,
Were it ten times ten I'd not yield, sirs,
What's the odds, I myself still back, sirs,
Ten to one on the favorite 'gainst the field.
Ten to one—who says done?—still no takers,
Ten to one—you, my friends, are quakers,
Ten to one—you'll say done in a crack, sirs.
When my name and my address I have revealed.

Yussuf. [*R.*] Go at him—all at once. [*GUARDS rush forward.*]

Conrad. Stay! by-the-bye,

You'd like to know, p'rhaps, who I am?

Pasha. Not I!

Conrad. Well, mind you, I can fight—I give you warning.

Medora. Who can it be, these fearful odds thus scorning?

Pasha. My guards are ready.

Medora. Stay—your name avow!

Conrad. Conrad the Corsair! [*GUARDS shrink away.*]

Are they ready now?

Yussuf. Jerusalem !

Exit, R., followed by the GIRLS.

Pasha.

The Corsair ! murder ! fire !

[Runs out, followed by GUARDS, L.]

Conrad. [L.] Fair maid, you're safe—permit me to retire.

Medora. [R.] Nay, fly not yet, or else let me fly-too,

I'm not safe here—they'll soon return.

Conrad.

That's true,

And doubtless, though the case I've yet to learn,

You'll get small profit by their quick return ;

But still to come with me——

Medora.

Oh, take me hence !

I will not put you to the least expense ;

I'll work my passage out—wash, cook, bake, brew for you.

Will be your slave, and regularly do for you.

Conrad. [*Aside.*] I fear you would, if long at you I looked,

And my own goose be the first thing you cooked.

[*Aloud.*] But think upon the dangers of the sea.

Medora. Those dangers have no terrors, sir, for me.

Conrad. A common boast—the would-be yachting man,

Who talked so bravely ere the trip began,

I have seen rush, at the first lurch, to leeward,

His boasting sunk in one faint cry of “steward.”

Medora. Fear not my courage ; take me with you, do.

Conrad. I've half a mind.

Medora.

I should be safe with you ;

But if left here alone, then should I be

Alone without the least *security*.

Conrad. Enough ! it shall be so—your words prevail.

The best security is *power of sail* ;

So, to set sail at once must be our plan,

The crew may follow the best way they can.

Song.—CONRAD.—Air, “My Skiff is by the Shore.”

My skiff is on the shore, she manned must be,

By one little boy, yourself, and me ;

Can I call it manned, though, when of the three,

One is a small boy, and another a she.

Fa, la, la, &c.

My skiff is on the shore—then come with me,

Since here with you 'twould be all U P.

[MEDORA dances to chorus—exeunt, L.]

SERENA rises from trap, R. C.

Serena. So far, so good ! my plans are working nicely ;

That's just the sort of girl he wants precisely.

Modest, sportive, happy, kind, affectionate ;

With heart as light as a cheap grocer's weight.

He's half in love as 'tis—but to make sure,

All sorts of dangers they shall first endure ;

For true love's course, in palace, cottage, booth,

Like omnibuses, never yet ran smooth ;
 And of all plans to win a man's affection,
 The surest is, to trust him for protection.
 To aid my plans, first, shipwrecked he shall be ;
 When the ship sinks, all must go swimmingly—
 To raise the wind, at once the seas I'll cross,
 And 'set the waves all playing pitch and toss.

Song.—SERENA.—Air, "Over the Sea."

Over the sea !—now will I flee—
 Mind, it's a secret between you and me ;
 Soon you will see—don't say 'twas me—
 Somebody coming it strong !

Even March ! March ! March !
 With his winds and rough weather,
 Such storm ne'er could gather :
 Old March ! March ! March !
 Shall confess himself beaten ere long.

It's over the sea ! Over the sea !
 Like Mother Carey's bird now will I flee—
 Over the sea ! Over the sea !
 Raising the wind pretty strong.

[*Exit R.*

SCENE III.—*A Storm at Sea, with the wreck of the Golden Mary.*

CONRAD'S vessel discovered, surrounded by the raging waters. CONRAD, MEDORA and SAILOR, discovered on the deck.

Conrad. Courage, Medora, all will yet be well ;
 I s'pose you ne'er saw such a heavy swell ?
 Cheer up ! you're pale—you must be ill, I'm thinking ?

Medora. No, no ! I only feel a little sinking.

[*Noise of ship striking.*

Hark ! the ship's striking—we are lost !

Conrad. Pooh ! pooh !

Who cares, if the effect is striking too,
 If with the public we go down to-night !

Medora. She sinks ! we're going down !

Conrad. We are ? All right !

[*Ship sinks. Scene closes.*

SCENE IV.—*The Pirate's Home.—A large arch in c., with curtains closed. Music.*

Enter BIRBANTO and YUSSUF, stealthily, L.

Yussuf. [L.] Say, stranger.

Birb. [R.] Hush ! don't speak,—don't breathe—don't wink !

Yussuf. All slick, old coon, we see'd the critter sink
 In last night's storm.

Birb. He's saved tho', I'll be bound ;
 Men born for his fate, never can be drowned.

Yussuf. How was it we escaped ?

Birb. Because, you see,
We were not born for drowning more than he.
But come, to business ! where's the cash ? fork out !

Yussuf. I'd rather have the gal back, first.

Birb. No doubt.

Yussuf. I'll liquidate, safe as the bank.

Birb. Just so ;
But then banks are not always safe, you know.
No trust.

Yussuf. [*Gives money.*] Well, there. Now, how d'ye mean to fix him ?

Birb. A sleeping draught I'll go at once and mix him,
So strong, that if his food in it you steep,
You'd even catch a weasel fast asleep.

Yussuf. I see. So then, when he this potion drinking,
Goes off like nodding; we go off like winking,
And take the gal.

Birb. [*Aside.*] A rash step, p'raps, I've taken ;
I'd take a rasher, could I save my bacon,
And settle him at once, clean out of hand,
But that I fear the vengeance of the band.
No matter, time will come. Hah ! hah !

Yussuf. I say.

Birb. I beg your pardon. Come—away ! away !
[*Exit melo-dramatically, followed by YUSSUF, R.*]

Music.—*The curtains in the arch, c., are raised, and discover CONRAD reclining on a couch of tiger skins, smoking a chibouque, MEDORA seated at his feet.*

Conrad. And so your uncle sold you into slavery ?
The monster !

Medora. Had it not been for your bravery——

Conrad. There, that's enough ; these fervent thanks withhold.

Medora. Say, are you sure you haven't caught a cold,
Last night when struggling with the waves so cruel ?
Do let me make you just one drop of gruel. [*Rises.*]

Conrad. A pirate taking gruel ! doubtless you
Would like my feet put in hot water, too ?

Medora. I should, 'twould do you good.

Conrad. And I suppose
You'd further counsel tallowing my nose ?

Medora. 'Twould be as well. Nay, come, from laughing cease ;
Were you a patriot, you'd stick up for grease.

Conrad. Her care for me is really charming ! Come,
Sit down, Medora—make yourself at home.

Medora. Nay, I'm your slave.

Conrad. [*Aside.*] My love for her gets stronger.

Medora. Your waiting maid.

Conrad. Nay, you shall wait no longer.

[*He rises ; she dances away coquettishly, he following—*
CONRAD sings to music of dance.]

Air.—"The Fan Dance." (Spanish.)

Sweetest, your charms have restored me,
All once bored me—*ennui* floored me.
Oh, my heart now you've fill'd with gladness,
Away have you chased its sadness!

Medora, oh! don't say me no.

Say you'll be mine—then pray do, love!
For 'tis you, love, are my true love;
Oh! don't turn away your face, dear,
But do grant me one embrace, dear,
You will not refuse me, I know.

Come, sweet Medora—say that you'll be mine!

BIRBANTO *crawls on from R.*

Birb. Now, how to do it—hah, the wine! the wine!
[*Pours liquid from vial into CONRAD'S glass, and exit at back.*

MEDORA *sinks into CONRAD'S arms; he kisses her.*

Conrad. No more a slave—this liberty affords you;
Your lover, not your master, looks towards you.

[*Drinks—chord.*

How's this? a sudden drowsiness, methinks;

Would you excuse me just for forty winks? [*Sleeps.*

Medora. Sleep—I'll hold watch, so shall no harm befall him.
Holding the watch, I shall know when to call him.

Soft music.—Enter YUSSUF and BIRBANTO, stealthily, R.

Birb. There lies the man of mystery, dark and deep,
So slow when waking—yet how fast asleep!
Now is your time—quick to your task allotted.

[*Gives him scarf.*

Yussuf. Slick as greased lightning.

[*Throws scarf over Medora's head.*

Birb. Cleverly garrotted.

Medora. [*Struggling:*] Help! Murder!

Birb. Silence her—choke—muzzle—gag her.

Or, stay—let me assist you with a dagger.

Yussuf. No. No.

Medora. Help! Conrad!

Yussuf. Silence—come along! [*Drags her out, R.*

Medora. Help!

Birb. [*Calling after him.*] Get a pitch-plaster and pitch it strong.

Enter CORSAIRS, L.

1st Cors. What noise was that? A cry for help we heard—

Birb. [*Aside.*] So just in time—[*aloud*]—a cry—pooh! pooh! absurd!

2d Cors. I'm sure I heard a voice for aid imploring—

Birb. Pshaw! you're mistaken—'twas our captain snoring.

1st Cors. [*Seeing CONRAD.*] Conrad asleep!

Birb.

Yes, that's a pretty way

For a great pirate chief to pass the day!
Hear me, my friends—our captain is a do.

1st Cors. How?

Birb. Not the leader for brave men like you.

1st Cors. Nay, have a care how Conrad you abuse—

Birb. A spooney humbug—always in the blues—
Pining and sighing—

2d Cors. Well, that's true enough—
He is too sentimental.

Birb. He's a muff!

Not fit to be our leader.

1st Cors. P'raps you're right.

Birb. Didn't he leave us all on shore, last night,
To get home as we could?

2d Cors. That was a fault.

Birb. Let's give him pepper—he's not worth his salt.

Corsairs. We will—we will.

Birb. Said like brave men and true!

You mean, though, what you say?

Corsairs. We do—we do.

Birb. One blow and we are free—we then can take
Another leader—come—

[*Music.—They approach CONRAD, with daggers raised.*
The Scene opens and SERENA appears behind.

Serena. Wake, Conrad, wake.

Conrad. [*Starts up.*] Methought I heard a voice cry, sleep no more—
[*Sees CORSAIRS.*

Halloa! [*They slink away.*] Here, stop! don't go. Ho!
guard the door.

This looks like a rebellion, eh, my men? [*CORSAIRS kneel.*

1st Cors. [*L.*] Pardon us, mighty Conrad.

Birb. [*Aside, R.*] Sold again!

2d Cors. It was Birbanto, here, that drove us to it.

Birb. Pardon, great chief, I didn't go, to do it.

Conrad. Kneel, traitor!

Birb. [*Kneeling.*] Can you, then, forgive?

[*Throws money amongst them.*

Conrad. Ne'er doubt it.

Go drink my health, and say no more about it.

All. Long live great Conrad. Hip! hip! hip! hurrah!

[*Exeunt CORSAIRS, L.*

Birb. [*Aside.*] Defeated, foiled—no matter—hah! hah! hah!

[*Exit BIRBANTO, L.*

Serena. [*Advances R.*] Bravely done, Conrad, this great generosity.

Conrad. Beg pardon! you'll excuse my curiosity—

But whom have I the honor to address?

Serena. [*R.*] I am a fairy.

Conrad. You then saved me?

Serena. [c.]

Yes.

Conrad. Speak! where's my love—my Venus—my Medora?

Serena. Your Venus! nay, prepare to meet a *floorer*!
She's gone!

Conrad. Gone?

Serena. Nay, don't start; yet p'raps you'd better,
And start at once, if back you hope to get her.

Conrad. Tell me, where shall I seek my priceless treasure?

Serena. Promise me one thing first.

Conrad. I do with pleasure.

What is it?

Serena. That when you've regained this maid,
You will retire from the Corsair trade;
Marry, and live respectably.

Conrad. Agreed!

I've long been weary of the life I lead—
So I'll reform.

Serena. This is indeed felicity!

Conrad. Turn steady, and go in for domesticity:
Stand for churchwarden, and the vestry sit on;
Aye, and pay rates and taxes like a Briton,

Duet.—Air, "Home, sweet Home."

Serena. All pleasures are fallacies for those who roam;
Howe'er folks may grumble, there's no place like home.

Conrad. Tho' duns may come daily—tho' poor's rates may call—
Give me them and the butcher's bill dearer than all.

Serena. Home, home, sweet home,
There's no place like home;
Whoever deny it, there's no place like home.

Conrad. Home, home, sweet home,
A slow place is home;
However, I'll try it, and go in for home.

Both. Farewell! Farewell! SERENA *sinks*, R. C.

Song.—CONRAD.—Air, "My Mary Ann."

Fare you well, my own Mary Ann,
Or whatever your name may be;
These fairies seldom give their names,
And so I christen she, "Mary Ann."

Let me once more see my own turtle-dove,
I'll keep my word with you;
Excuse me if I've named you wrong,
And still assist me, do, Mary Ann.

Fare you well, my own Mary Ann, &c.
[Exit, R.]

SCENE V.—*The Harem, with the Gardens of the Pasha's Palace.*

ODALISQUES *dancing*. Enter GULNARE, L., and ZULIEMA, R.; the
ODALISQUES *dance round* GULNARE. -

Zuli. How's this ? Am I no longer mistress here ?

Gul. Well, don't be angry with them, there's a dear ;
You can't put old heads on young shoulders.

Zuli. No.

But you can take the young heads off them, though.
They'd best not slight me !

Gul. Madam, pray control
Your passion ; do now, there's a good old soul.

Zuli. Old soul ! No matter—we shall see.

Gul. No doubt'

With spectacles you might—you won't without !

Zuli. Proud beauty ; though your eye now brightly twinkles——

Gul. There—there ; don't frown, it only shows the wrinkles.

Zuli. Dare you thus openly, then, to deride
One whom the Pasha's chosen for his bride ?

Gul. Nay, I've no wish a quarrel to be picking ;
But you must own, my friend, you're not a chicken.

Zuli. I blush for you.

Gul. You can't—your paint beneath——

Zuli. 'Tis false !

Gul. Just so.

Zuli. You say this to my teeth ?

Gul. To teeth—to hair—to all the charge extending ;
That wig—the head and *front* of your offending.

Zuli. I'll have you bow-stringed !

Gul. Yes, a likely thing.

First catch your *beau* before you talk of string.

D'ye think the Pasha cares for you ? Not he.

Zuli. Indeed ! But here he comes—now we shall see.

Enter PASHA, L. U. E.—ZULIEMA runs to him and seizes him by the arm.

Trio.—Irish Air.

Zuli. Mighty Pasha, grant your slave
Vengeance on this beauty bold.

Gul. Mighty Pasha, I would crave
Safety from this vixen old.

Pasha. Will you hold this dreadful row, now ?

Zuli. Will you put this upstart down, now ?

Gul. Her conceit has grown so big, sir—

Zuli. She declares I wear a wig, sir—

Pasha. How, now, now—will you hold your row ?
I'm by no means in good humor—not just now.

Pasha. Leave me.

Zuli. Alas ! your love for me, then, cools.

[Embracing him.]

Pasha. Oh, be off—old fools are the worst of fools !

Come here, Gulnare—the cause of this explain :

Zuli. *[R., Mincingly.]* It was my face.

Gul. *[L.]* You see the cause is plain—

She boasted that she was your wife to be,
When you remember, sire, you promised me.

Pasha. [*Aside.*] I know, to both of them I've pledged my word—
It's very awkward, for I love a third.

Zuli. Great Pasha, say, shall I not be your bride?

Gul. I'll leave it to your taste, sire, to decide.

Song.—PASHA.—“ Beggar's Opera.”

How happy could I be with neither;
Now t'other dear charmer's away,
I don't care a button for either;
And so what the deuce can I say,
Except tol de rol, oh, my Medora—
Tol de rol, rol de rol lay—
You've deserted your ardent adorer,
And left him to misery a prey.

[*A loud single knock.*]

Enter SYNG SMAUL, L. 1 E.

Pasha. How now, slave?

Syng. Sire, a man is at the door,
He's got a slave to sell.

Pasha. I'll buy no more.

[*Exit SYNG SMAUL.*]

I'm plagued to death as 'tis, with those I've got.

Re-enter SYNG SMAUL, L. 1 E.

What now?

Syng. He says you have bought this one.

Pasha. What?

Syng. And though to you such message may sound funny;
He said he would'nt leave without the money.

Pasha. Insolent caitiff! show him in—and stay—
Request our headsman, too, to step this way.

[*Exit SYNG SMAUL.*]

Gul. [*Aside.*] Who is this madman, rushing on to slaughter?

Enter YUSSUF with MEDORA, veiled, L. 1 E.

Yussuf. How are you, Pasha? Here's the gal; I caught her.

Pasha. What girl, dog?

Yussuf. [*Raising her veil.*] See!

Pasha. Medora!

Medora. Sire, have pity!

Zuli. [*Looking at MEDORA.*] Young, but uncultivated!

Gul. [*Looking at MEDORA.*] Plump, but pretty!

Medora. Save me, sir, from this man?

Pasha. Nay, sweet—you see——

Medora. You won't? Enough! Thus, then, myself I free.

[*Draws dagger; is about to stab herself.*]

Yussuf. Hold on, until I'm paid—at least. Ho! seize her.

Medora. Villain, for you, then. [*Runs at him with dagger.*]

Yussuf. Back her! stop her! ease her!

Runs out, L.

Pasha. Halloa! It seems your dagger you are quick at!

Medora. Yes, for great wrongs I never trifles stick at.

Pasha. But he's your uncle.

Medora. [L.] Kindred's no protection.
I raised this knife to cut my own connexion.

Pasha. Nay, sweet Medora. [*Kneels.*]

Zuli. Sir, what are you at?

Kneeling before a little minx like that.

Pasha. Silence!

Gul. To me can you forget your vow?

Pasha. Somebody stop these women's tongues.

Enter SYNG SMAUL, L.

How now?

Syng. A wandering dervise, by fatigue oppressed,
Begs you'll allow him to come in and rest.

Pasha. Admit him.

SYNG SMAUL goes off, and returns with CONRAD, L., disguised as a dervise; he bows to PASHA.

Sir, come in, your boon we grant.

An ATTENDANT brings wine.

Drink, sir; this maid will dance meanwhile.

Medora. I shan't.

Pasha. No sulks, young woman; we've an ugly knack
Of giving ladies who rebel—the sack.

Syng. Into the river, tied in bags, they're shied.

Medora. Tied in a bag? I care not what *betide*.

Conrad. [*Aside to her.*] Fear naught.

Medora. That voice!

Conrad. Take heed—don't shout like that out.

Medora. [*Aside.*] Talking of bags, I'd nearly let the cat out.

Pasha. Once for all—will you dance at my command?

Conrad. Stay, you've no music; let me call my band.

[*Blows horn.*] My followers, ho!

Pasha. What mean these rude alarms?

Medora. The trumpet calls, and thus we fly to arms. [*They embrace.*]

Pasha. Tear them asunder!

[*Music.*—*SYNG SMAUL seizes MEDORA—struggle, in which CONRAD'S cloak falls off.*]

Ho! the Corsair! murder!

[*LADIES scream—all rush off, carrying MEDORA, struggling, R.*]

Conrad. [*Blows horn.*] My followers, ho !

Enter BIRBANTO, L.

Birb. They'll follow you no further !

Conrad. You have not dared to tamper with them, slave ?

Birb. Well, if you ask the question then—I *have*.

Conrad. Traitor ! [*Draws sword.*]

Birb. I scorn your threats and you alike !

Conrad. This to decide between us then.

Birb. [*With the approved Victoria pronunciation.*] Ster-ike !

[*Music.—They strike attitudes for a broad-sword combat—CONRAD stops suddenly.*]

Conrad. [*Looking at his sword, a light elegant one.*] Stop ! for stage combats this is not the thing,
Just wait while I exchange it at the wing.

[*Goes to wing, R., and returns with the orthodox basket hilt.*]

Now then to meet your fate so well deserved.
Come on !

Birb. Ster-ike, as I before observed.

[*Desperate single combat—BIRBANTO gets the worst of it.*]
Help ! help !

Conrad. Take that—in vain for help you call.

Birb. [*Falls.*] That cut was the unkindest cut of all.

Conrad. Die, villian ! [*GUARDS rush in and surround him.*]

Birb. Saved !

Syng. Ho ! guards, to pieces tear him.

Conrad. I'm dished—I ask no quarter.

Medora. [*Runs in R., and kneels.*] Spare him—spare him.

Tableau—scene closes.

SCENE VI.—*A Corridor.—Practicable door, R., a barred window, L.*

Enter SYNG SMAUL, leading in MEDORA, L.

Syng. Fair maid, you'll be a prisoner here confined,
Till in this matter you've made up your mind.

If you consent to be the Pasha's wife,
Conrad the Corsair saves his forfeit life—
If not, the hangman treats him to a drop !

Medora. Marry the Pasha, never.

Syng. [*Going.*] Good.

Medora. Yet stop—

Where is the prisoner ?

Syng. [*Pointing to door, R.*] In yon cell.

Medora. So near me.

He shall decide for me ! Ho, Conrad, hear me !

Syng. He can't. 'Tis vain, so you may save your trouble !

Your voice is treble, but the doors are double.

I'll leave you to reflect.

[*Exit, L.*]

Medora. Which can I choose—
 The matrimonial, or the hangman's noose?
 The Pasha's wife—oh, no; yet, if I falter,
 'Tis I that lead my Conrad to the halter.
 A footstep! who comes here?

Enter GULNARE, R.

Gul. Hush! not a word!

The Pasha's proposition I have heard.

Medora. And you advise me to refuse it flat?

Gul. No, to accept it.

Medora. What! wed a thing like that?

Gul. It is a match most women's hopes would lean to.

Medora. Indeed! then marry him yourself!

Gul. I mean to.

Medora. Explain!

Gul. Nay, Conrad too, must present be.

Medora. Alas! they've locked him in, and ta'en the key.

Gul. But I've a duplicate! *[Shows key.]*

See, this will pick it. *[Goes to door.]*

Medora. A duplicate! that is, indeed, the ticket.

[GULNARE opens door, R. 2 E., CONRAD comes out, ironed.]

Conrad. We meet again, my joy who now can tell?

Medora. *[Looking in.]* What a vile dungeon!

Conrad. 'Tis an awful cell.

Thus ironed too! these heavy fetters dangling.

Medora. That loved form ironed! Well, it's saved from mangling.

Conrad. Sweet, 'twas your love that saved me—nothing but it.

Their swords were at my throat—you bid them cut it.

Gul. But come, time flies—

Conrad. Hah! true, a just remark.

Explain, too long they've kept me in the dark.

[Points to cell.]

Gul. Kept in the dark—come, there you're wrong, methinks.

Surely you'd light—those chains have lots of links.

Medora. Conrad, the Pasha offers you your freedom.

Conrad. Hah! on what terms?

Gul. In her confusion read 'em.

Her hand.

Conrad. And she consents? oh, no.

Medora. I don't

I'd see him further first, and then I won't.

Conrad. Brave girl, 'twould be, were I of you bereft,

A still more awful sell than that I've left.

Gul. But I've a plan.

Conrad. Out with it.

Gul. 'Tis that she

Pretend submission until you are free.

Conrad. Good!

Medora. But suppose he makes me sticks to it?

And marry him.

Gul. Nay, trust to woman's wit,
 I mean to marry him myself—I told you;
 As the sole obstacle, I now behold you.
 You gone, of all my hopes comes the revival,
 With your *departure*, I've no more a *rival*.
 But some one comes; they must not here perceive me.
 Get in. [Pushing CONRAD in.]

Conrad. [Struggling.] Get out.

Gul. Go, go. [Locks door.]

Medora. You won't deceive me?

Gul. Trust me. [Exit, R.]

Medora. I will.

March.—Enter PASHA, SYNG SMAUL, GUARDS, &c., L.

Medora. [Aside.] And now consent to sham!

Pasha. Well madam, are you quite resolved?

Medora. I am.

Pasha. Pause ere you speak—mind, your refusal crushes
 The Corsair's chance. Your answer!

Medora. [Modestly.] Spare my blushes.

Pasha. What, you consent?

Medora. Oh, sir!

Pasha. You do! you love me?

Medora. Can I believe that one so high above me
 Can honor thus his slave?

Pasha. Oh, joy! 'tis true!

Shout dogs!

Syng. Shout dogs! [All shout.]

Pasha. Peace, slave! who spoke to you?

For my sake you give up the Corsair?

Medora. Clearly.

It can't be helped—I'm sorry for him, really,

His fate is harsh, but even were it harsher,

Who would compare a pirate with a Pasha?

I like a wealthy husband—he, poor chap,

Comes with a ring, but comes without a rap.

Pasha. Huzza! Shout, dogs! [All shout.]

Enter GULNARE, ZULIEMA, and LADIES, R.

Gul. What means this dreadful clatter?

Pasha. [Aside.] Gulnare, the deuce! There'll be a scene—no matter.

[Aloud.] Release the Corsair!

SYNG SMAUL opens door, R. 2 E.; CONRAD appears.

Quick—his chains unbind!

Conrad, you're free!

Conrad. You're really very kind.

Pasha. There, there, be off—for thanks you needn't tarry.

Conrad. But that young person I'm about to marry—
 She goes with me, of course!

Medora.

Nay, Conrad!

Conrad.

What?

You, too, desert me!

Gul. [*Aside to him.*]

Recollect my plot.

Medora. Hear me!

Conrad. Away! you're false—you can't deny it!

Medora. [*Aside to him.*] I'm but pretending.

Conrad. [*Aside to her.*]

So am I—be quiet!

Oh, misery! worse than prison, bonds and fetters!

Pasha. Enough, young man—she is to wed your betters.

Ladies, behold your future queen!

Zuli.

What, she?

What's to become of me?

Gul.

And me?

Conrad.

And me?

Pasha. Can't say, I'm sure.

Zuli.

This fills with grief my cup;

Support me! Oh, woe—woe! [*Faints and is borne off, R.*]

Conrad.

Gee wo—pull up!

False maid! [*Aside to her.*] All right. [*Aloud.*] Can you desert me thus?

Pasha. Of course the girl can't marry both of us!

Medora. And since my love cannot divided be,

You, Conrad, must give up your *chere amie* (share o'me.)

Conrad. Enough! I from the unequal contest cease;

My heart is broken, but I'll *keep the peace*;

And, since yours is the victory, I'll be calm.

Thus I give up her hand, and yield the palm.

Medora. Say we part friends.

Conrad.

We do, though grief oppressing.

[*Weeping and joining their hands*]

Take her, be happy—take a Corsair's blessing.

Pasha. Thanks! you are free—you now may cut, and when

You have cut, mind, you needn't come again.

Conrad. Fear not.

Gul. [*Aside to him.*] Return at midnight—you can save her,

And also do me a great wedding favor.

Conrad. Farewell! away my lonely course I take.

You needn't trouble to send cards or cake. [*Exit, L.*]

Pasha. Quick, slaves! make preparation, though 'tis late;

This evening we'll the nuptials celebrate.

Bright garlands on the walls of every room stick,

And bid the priest prepare the wedding broomstick.

[*Exeunt SYNG SMAUL and GUARDS, L.*]

Gul. Come, madam, to your room let me conduct you.

[*Aside.*] Then of my plans more fully I'll instruct you.

Medora. Come, come.

[*Exeunt MEDORA and GULNARE, R.*]

Enter SYNG SMAUL and GUARDS, L.

Pasha.

How now, slave?

Syng. Sire, the broomstick's ready,
The priest awaits.
Pasha. Down, throbbing heart—be steady !
Oh, happiness ! soon I my wife shall call her.
She comes.

Enter GULNARE, veiled, followed by WOMEN, R.

Holloa ! it strikes me she's grown taller.
Gul. Sire, can you wonder that I taller stand,
Now you've made me the highest in the land ?
Pasha. Accept this ring ; for ever thus united——
Shall we proceed ?
Gul. Sire, I shall be delighted.
[*Wedding March. Exeunt in procession, L.*

Enter MEDORA, R.

Medora. Saved ! Saved ! Gulnare will marry, in my stead.
Blessed land, where veils are worn upon the head,
Screening the face, secure from all beholders—
Instead of bonnets half way down the shoulders !
But for that fashion, all our plans would fail :
Nought can succeed, when its without *avail*.
They come ! [*Exit, R.*

March repeated. Re-enter PASHA, GULNARE ; LADIES dancing before them, bearing flowers, &c. ; SYNG SMAUL, GUARDS, &c., L.

Pasha. 'Tis done, the marriage rites are ended !
Go, fellows, and prepare a banquet splendid.
Lights, music, wine, provide in our pavilion ;
Wine for ten thousand—music for the million.
[*Exeunt SYNG SMAUL and GUARDS, L.*

Pasha. And you, dear, go remove your veil.
Gul. I will !
Come, girls. [*Exeunt GULNARE and LADIES, R.*
Pasha. Now, how the weary time to kill ?
She'll be at least an hour and a quarter.
She comes !

Enter MEDORA, R.

Holloa ! it strikes me she's grown shorter !
Medora. What ! wonder if my head less high is carried ?
Folks always *settle down* when they get married.
Pasha. Come to my arms.
[*MEDORA runs towards him and stops, frightened.*
You shun them ?
Medora. Nay, my fright !
Was at your weapons—not your arms.
[*Takes pistols from his belt.*
That's right.
Medora. Say, are they loaded ?

- Pasha.* Powdered, balled, and capped.
Medora. Good gracious! [*Lays them down at window.—Aside.*
 Now, I think you're nicely trapped. [*She dances playfully round him, he follows with his hands raised supplicatingly.*
Medora. Oh, what an attitude! stay, keep them so.
 [*Takes a scarf from her waist and ties them, he laughing.*
 Beautiful, charming! Hah! he's there!
 [*CONRAD appears at window, L.*
Pasha. Holloa!
 Guards! treason!
Medora. [*Catching up pistols.*] Peace! another word, you die!
Conrad. Medora! quick! come, by this window fly!
 Say, can you squeeze these narrow bars between?
Medora. I can.
Conrad. Oh, joy! she wears no crinoline.
 [*MEDORA gets through window.*
Pasha. One word, one question!
Medora. Well?
Pasha. That pistol, drop it.
Medora. Is that the question? peace, then, or I'll pop it.
 [*They disappear.—The PASHA goes to the window.—A pistol is discharged without.*
Pasha. Gone!—treason!—murder!—help! My guards, what ho!
 GUARDS rush in, L. 1 E., GULNARE and LADIES, R.
Gul. What means this cry?
Pasha. My bride has fled.
Gul. Not so;
 Here stands your bride.
Pasha. 'Tis false!
Gul. This ring behold!
 Ladies, salute your queen.
Pasha. Done! swindled! sold!
 [*Falls into the arms of SYNG SMAUL.—LADIES kneel to GULNARE. Tableau—closed in.*

SCENE VII.—A Wood.

SERENA and SUBMARINA rise through traps, R. and L.

- Sub.* Good night, Serena, how d'ye do?
Serena. Why who
 On earth would ever dream of seeing you?
Sub. Why not?
Serena. I mean the sea's your proper berth.
 So ask who'd dream of seeing you on earth?
Sub. I've come to seek you.
Serena. What for, may I ask?
Sub. To know how you're progressing with your task.
 Have you cured Conrad yet?

Serena. Well, very nearly.

Sub. Your month expires to-morrow.

Serena. Does it, really?

To-night then must decide—but see—he's here!
Let us retire.

Music.—*Enter* CONRAD, *supporting* MEDORA, L.

Conrad. Come, come, Medora dear;
Rest here, I'll call for help.

Medora. 'Twould be no good,
To holloa, till we're quite out of the wood.

Conrad. Could I but find the path, we'd soon get home;
The way to Greece, should be our way to *roam*.
Had I a compass, we'd know how to steer.

Medora. Without the needle, we're sewed up, that's clear;
But still, I always thought you roving tars,
To find your way, oft had to thank your stars.

Conrad. In this thick wood, my science is at fault,
I cannot see them! Come, let's on, though.

Enter BIRBANTO, *with* CORSAIRS, R.

Birb. Halt!
So, then, we've met; at last my turn arrives.

Medora. [*Kneeling.*] Mercy! Take all we have, but spare our lives.

Conrad. Medora, rise! Speak, friends—why this hostility?

Birb. You are accused——

Medora. Of what?

Birb. Respectability!

Conrad. You've heard of it, then?

Birb. Yes, and they have picked out
Another leader, *vice* Conrad, kicked out.

Conrad. And may I ask, who my late post now fills?

Birb. His name's Birbanto, on the Grampian Hills——

Conrad. Indeed! I wish you joy.—Come. [*Taking* MEDORA'S arm

Birb. Not so fast!

Secure them.

Conrad. How?

Medora. Help! help!

Enter SYNG SMAUL *and* GUARDS, L.

Syng. So caught at last.

Yield, all of you.

Birb. Come, my lads, ho! strike for freedom!

You won't?

Conrad. [*Laughing.*] Not they, they've not got me to lead 'em.

1st Cors. Resume your post, and save us, we implore.

2d Cors. Do, sir; we'll never disobey you more.

Birb. Cowards!

Conrad. Resume my post—'tis a temptation.

Medora. Oh, no! think of your vows of reformation,
For my sake!

SERENA appears, watching him with anxiety.

Conrad. True! I'll keep them, love, with pleasure.
Sirs, my reform must be a final measure.

Serena. He's saved!

Syng. No more discussion. March—yet stay—
What's that? Another prisoner comes this way.

Enter YUSSUF chained—two GUARDS following, L.

Yussuf. [Sings.] Why did Medora sell me?
Through her these woes befel me.
Why did Medora sell me,
And bolt on her wedding day?

Medora. My uncle, and in chains!

Yussuf. False critter, see
These fixins. You 'twas forged these bonds for me.

Medora. I am no forger, sir.

Conrad. Cease this debate—
We've heard too much of *forging bonds* of late.

Syng. Now, guards, conduct your prisoners to their gaol.

Serena. [Advances.] Hold! for this couple, sir, I put in bail.

Conrad. Halloa! my friend, the fairy.

Serena. Yes, the friend
Of all who, like you, strive their ways to mend.
You've kept your word—with freedom I requite you.
And to the Peri's home to sup, invite you.

Medora. Oh, joy. [*CONRAD and MEDORA embrace.*]

Serena. The rest must undergo their sentence.

Birb. Hold on! I see there's nothing like repentance—
So I'll turn steady, too.

Serena. You settle down?

Birb. I'll start a public company in town;
Turn a strict man of business—try stock-jobbery
On the Exchange! My cry—exchange no robbery.

Song and Chorus.—AIR, "One Bumper at Parting."

Birb. A company starting, though many
Have tried it and found it no go;
I'll endeavor at turning a penny,
We won't say if honest, or no.

Yussuf. Guess I'm mortal sick of slave driving,
Respectable dodges pay best;
So if this here company's thriving.
I'm there like a shot, with the rest.

Conrad. A real model husband I mean to be;
 All my used-up-ishness past,
 I forswear, since the world I have seen to be
 Not quite so worthless at last,
 One favor I'd ask, do not spurn it, your
 Aid, I'm quite strange to it yet—
 Do you know a good place to buy furniture.
 Or a snug cottage to let?

Enter PASHA and GULNARE, R.

Pasha. Here, stop, I intend, by the wig o' me,
 In this improvement to share,
 Henceforward renouncing polygamy,
 Stick to my own dear Gulnare.

Gul. New hopes in my breast do you kindle;
 I'll make you the happiest of men;
 Having gained all I wished by one swindle,
 I'll never deceive you again.

Serena. Kind friends, in this great reform movement,
 No share for yourselves will you find,
 In your case there's no room for improvement;
 But be—as you ever were—kind.
 And now for the home of the Peri—
 Bright scenes, where we're bidden to sup;
 But, remember, the brightest look dreary,
 Unless by your smiles lighted up.

[Repeat last verse in chorus.]

The scene opens and discovers

SCENE VIII.—*The Home of the Peri and Golden Gates of the Gardens of Perennial Spring.*

SUBMARINA appears, and the usual transformation of the characters takes place—Two Clowns, Harlequin, Pantaloon, three whalebone sprites, and two Columbines.

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